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The tempest roar and battle pride ;—  
 I've seen those floating streamers shrinking—  
 The high sail rent—the proud ship sinking  
     Beneath the ocean tide ;—  
 And heard the seaman farewell sighing,  
 His body on the dark sea lying—  
     His death-prayer to the wind !

But sadder sight the eye can know  
 Than proud bark lost and seaman's wo—  
 Or battle fire and tempest cloud—  
 Or prey-birds shriek and ocean's shroud—  
     *The Shipwreck of the Mind.*

W . . . . r.

Brunswick, —

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Lines addressed to ———, Esq. Court-Square, who  
 complained of the disadvantage of weak eyes in the profession  
 of the law.

Weak eyes are best, be rul'd by me,  
 To view the joyous omen right,  
 Since able lawyers, all agree,  
     Must often have the *fee*-blest sight.

Court-Street.

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——— FOR THEE THE TEAR BE DULY SHED !

FRESH blew the breeze, and the wide swelling sail,  
 Impell'd the swift vessel that bore it above,  
 Which return'd to her home on the wings of the gale,  
     As if eager to meet the embraces of love.

All hie to the mart where her packets are given,  
 And hastily break the frail seals which they bear,  
 Politicians and merchants are equally driven,  
     To seek for events with the visage of care.

And I too—who reck'd not of Europe's relations,  
 And still less of Commerce, its losses or gain,